

THE  
**LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.**

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 100.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

“LA CHATELAINE”—THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.



“Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of Women, that the value of the Wife and Mother, at last made itself known?”

—GUIZOT.

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

VOL. IV.

[PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Z

## "LA CHATELAINE."

(THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.)

OUR engraving represents "The Lady of the Castle"—"La Chatelaine," as the French call her—she to whom the ladies of the present day owe much of their privileges, and much of that delicate courtesy which, created in the days of chivalry, still sheds its influence over modern society. Living retired in her castle, she was the sovereign mistress of the family and of the vassals; and during the absence of her lord, on hunting excursions, in forays, or attending the monarch in regular war, the responsibility of defending the castle fell upon her. Froissart, telling us of the beautiful and virtuous Countess of Salisbury—how she was shut up, in the absence of her lord, in a castle besieged by the Scots, gallantly says, "From the sweetness of her looks, and the charm of being encouraged by so beautiful a lady, *one man in time of need ought to be worth two.*" He records several instances of these noble ladies, who, when their lords were absent, or had fallen in battle, or were lingering in prison, carried on the war as bravely as the most gallant knight of these troublesome times.

But the general occupations of the "lady of the castle" were more peaceful and less stirring. Retired in the security of her castle, she filled up her leisure, and that of her attendant ladies, by works of embroidery, recording the exploits of her husband or her sons;—to the wife of William the Conqueror is ascribed the Bayeux tapestry, that famous record of the conquest of England, and of the characters and costumes of the time. "The lady of the castle" was also frequently a skilful "leech," an adroit "surgeon;" for her skill in dressing sword-cuts, or gashes from the tusks of the wild boar, was not unfrequently in requisition.

It was in the hall of the feudal castle that native poetry was patronised and encouraged; and the wandering minstrels, the parents of modern poetry, looked up to the smiles of "the lady of the castle" as their noblest reward. And as manners became more and more refined, and as the chivalric respect for "noble dames" became a kind of public opinion, "the lady of the castle" went forth to tournaments, to preside as "THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY;" her presence and sparkling eyes "reigning sweet influence," while contending knights were proud to bend before her, and receive the prize from her fair hands. All this had great effect on manners and society; the "lady" still lives, though her "castle" be crumbling into ruins. In truth, much of that courteous deference—that delicate and almost reverential respect—towards the ladies which is considered as an essential constituent in the mind and feelings of a "gentleman," has come down to us from the days of "The Lady of the Castle."

Feudalism was the first step in the re-organisation of society, when the violence of barbarism had in some measure exhausted itself. "Wherever barbarism ceased," says M. Guizot, "feudalism became general. This at first struck men as the triumph of chaos. All unity, all general civilisation, seemed gone. Society on all sides seemed dismembered; a

multitude of petty, obscure, isolated, incoherent societies arose. This appeared, to those who lived and saw it, universal anarchy—the dissolution of all things. Consult the poets and historians of the day: they all believed that the end of the world was at hand. Yet this was, in truth, a new and real social system which was forming: feudal society was so necessary, so inevitable, so altogether the only consequence that could flow from the previous state of things, that everything entered into it, all adopted its form. Even elements the most foreign to this system—the Church, the free communities, royalty—all were constrained to accommodate themselves to it. Churches became sovereigns and vassals; royalty was hidden under the feudal suzerain. All things were given in fief—not only estates, but rights and privileges: the right to cut wood in the forest, the privilege of fishing. The churches gave their surplice-fees in fief; the revenues of baptism, the fees for churhing women. In the same manner, too, that all the great elements of society were drawn within the feudal inclosure, so even the smallest portions, the most trifling circumstances of common life, became subject to feudalism."

This new state of things may be said to have been completed in the tenth century: in England it was completely developed by the Norman Conquest. The conquerors, seizing on the country, allotted the fattest and fairest of England's domains to themselves; the warriors who accompanied William became feudal lords under him. "We will visit the possessor of a fief in his lonely domain; we will see the course of life which he leads there, and the little society by which he is surrounded.

"Having fixed upon an elevated solitary spot, strong by nature, which he takes care to render secure, the lordly proprietor of the domain builds his castle. Here he settles himself with his wife and children, and perhaps some few free-men, who, not having obtained fiefs, not having themselves become proprietors, have attached themselves to his fortunes, and continued to live with him, and form part of his household. These are the inhabitants of the interior of the castle. At the foot of the hill on which this castle stands, we find huddled together a little population of peasants, of serfs, who cultivate the lands of the possessor of the fief. In the midst of this group of cottagers religion soon planted a church and a priest. A priest, in these early days of feudalism, was generally the chaplain of the baron, and the curate of the village; two offices which by-and-by became separated, and the village had its pastor dwelling by the side of his church.

"This society is the type, the faithful picture, of feudal society in the aggregate: the baron, the people of his domain, and the priest, compose, whether upon a larger or smaller scale, the feudal system, when separated from monarchy and cities, two distinct and foreign elements.

"The first circumstance which strikes us in looking at this little community, is the great importance with which the possessor of the fief must have been regarded, not only by himself, but by all around him. A feeling of personal consequence, of individual liberty, was a prevailing feature in the

chara  
of a  
the  
priest  
ation  
him  
natu  
syst  
pati  
situ  
heat  
a r  
mat  
is c  
per  
high  
gici  
me  
pla  
he  
ne  
po  
ti  
th  
h  
a  
h  
c  
1  
I  
i

character of the barbarians. The feeling here, however, was of a different nature; it was no longer simply the liberty of the man, of the warrior—it was the importance of the proprietor, of the head of the family, of the master. His situation with regard to all around him would naturally beget in him an idea of superiority—a superiority of a peculiar nature, and very different from that we meet with in other systems of civilisation. Look, for example, at the Roman patrician, who was placed in one of the highest aristocratic situations of the ancient world. Like the feudal lord, he was head of the family, superior, master; and besides this, he was a religious magistrate, high-priest over his household. But mark the difference: his importance as a religious magistrate is derived from without. It is not an importance strictly personal, attached to the individual: he receives it from on high—he is the delegate of divinity, the interpreter of religious faith. The Roman patrician, moreover, was the member of a corporation which lived united in the same place—a member of the senate; again, an importance which he derived from without, from his corporation. The greatness of these ancient aristocrats, associated to a religious and political character, belonged to the situation, to the corporation in general, rather than to the individual. That of the proprietor of a fief belonged to himself alone: he held nothing of any one; all his rights, all his power, centred in himself. He is no religious magistrate; he forms no part of a senate; it is in the individual, in his own person, that all his importance resides; all that he is, he is of himself, in his own name alone. What a vast influence must a situation like this have exercised over him who enjoyed it? What haughtiness, what pride, must it have engendered? Above him, no superior, of whom he was but the representative and interpreter; near him no equals; no general and powerful law to restrain him—no exterior force to control him; his will suffered no check but from the limits of his power, and the presence of danger. Such seems to me the moral effect that would naturally be produced upon the character or disposition of man by the situation in which he was placed under the feudal system.

“ I shall proceed to a second consequence equally important, though too little noticed—I mean the peculiar character of the feudal family.

“ Let us consider for a moment the various family systems. Let us look, in the first place, at the patriarchal family, of which so beautiful a picture is given us in the Bible, and in numerous Oriental treatises. We find it composed of a great number of individuals—it was a tribe. The chief, the patriarch, in this case, lives in common with his children, with his neighbours, with the various generations assembled around him—all his relations, or his servants. He not only lives with them—he has the same interests, the same occupations, he leads the same life. This was the situation of Abraham, and of the patriarchs; and is still that of the Bedouin Arabs, who from generation to generation continue to follow the same patriarchal mode of life.

“ Let us look next at the *clan*—another family system, which now scarcely exists, except in Scotland and Ireland, but through which probably the greater part of the European

world has passed. This is no longer the patriarchal family. A great difference is found here between the chief and the rest of the community: he leads not the same life; the greater part are employed in husbandry, and in supplying his wants, while the chief himself lives in idleness or war. Still they all descend from the same stock; they all bear the same name; and their common parentage, their ancient traditions, the same remembrances, and same associations, create a moral tie, a sort of equality, between all the members of the clan.

“ These are the two principal forms of family society, as represented by history. Does either of them, let me ask you, resemble the feudal family? Certainly not. At the first glance there may, indeed, seem some similarity between the feudal family and the clan; but the difference is marked and striking. The population which surrounds the possessor of the fief is quite foreign to him; it bears not his name. They are unconnected by relationship, or by any historical or moral tie. The same holds with respect to the patriarchal family. The feudal proprietor neither leads the same life, nor follows the same occupations, as those who live around him; he is engaged in arms, or lives in idleness; the others are labourers. The feudal family is not numerous—it forms no tribe—it is confined to a single family, properly so called; to the wife and children, who live separated from the rest of the people in the interior of the castle. The peasantry and serfs form no part of it; they are of another origin, and immeasurably beneath it. Five or six individuals, at a vast height above them, and at the same time foreigners, make up the feudal family. Is it not evident that the peculiarity of its situation must have given to this family a peculiar character? Confined, concentrated, called upon continually to defend itself; mistrusting, or at least shutting itself up from the rest of the world, even from its servants, in-door life, domestic manners must naturally have acquired a great preponderance. We cannot keep out of sight that the grosser passions of the chief, the constantly passing his time in warfare or hunting, opposed a considerable obstacle to the formation of a strictly domestic society. But its progress, though slow, was certain. The chief, however violent and brutal his out-door exercise, must habitually return into the bosom of his family. He there finds his wife and children, and scarcely any but them: they alone are his constant companions; they alone divide his sorrows and soften his joys; they alone are interested in all that concerns him. It could not but happen, in such circumstances, that domestic life must have acquired a vast influence; nor is there any lack of proofs that it did so. Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of women, that the value of the wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities—not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully (say, for example, in the patriarchal system)—in none of these did women ever attain to anything like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal system. It is to the progress, to the preponderance, of domestic manners in the feudal halls and castles, that they owe this change, this improvement in their condition.”

## TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

## HALF PAY AND WHOLE PAY.

ONE fine evening in the month of July, we were bending our steps, along with a friend, towards a pretty village situated in the romantic county of Devon. The scenery was indescribably beautiful. We ascended a very long and unusually steep hill : on one side was an extensive common, covered with heath and furze ; on the other, a precipice presented itself, which overhung a peaceful valley, dotted here and there with white cottages, inclosed in smifing gardens, luxuriant orchards, or verdant fields, and extending to the foot of the distant hills, which were richly cultivated to the very top. Afar off was seen a flourishing city, with its ancient cathedral ; two small towns, with their towers and spires, were nearer at hand ; while a gentle river embellished the scene, flowing tranquilly on, till it mingled its calm waters with the mighty ocean, which appeared on the horizon, blue as the azure sky which it seemed to meet.

As we approached a remarkably pleasant-looking hamlet, my friend said, " You shall now see a specimen of the genuine domestic virtues." He then opened a small gate which conducted to a pretty shrubbery, at the extremity of which was a delightfully sheltered lawn.

Perceiving some persons assembled there who evidently were not aware of our presence, I instinctively drew back, when my companion made a sign to me to stand still.

In an easy-chair, supported by pillows, reclined an aged man ; his white locks were gently lifted by the summer breeze, and his arms were folded on his breast. An elderly lady sat beside him, knitting ; her countenance was sweetly pensive, but not sorrowful—it showed that grief had visited her heart, but that it had not quenched the ray of Christian submission which is the parent of content. Near this aged pair were two younger persons, evidently their son and daughter. The former was in the full vigour of manhood ; his lofty forehead and sparkling eye inspired confidence and respect, while the benevolent expression which pervaded his whole physiognomy evinced that his sympathies were of the kindest of our nature. He was reading to his venerable parents. His sister was near his own age ; she was employed in needle-work, but her attention seemed chiefly directed to her invalid father, or to her gentle mother, whose eyes beamed upon her with responding affection.

This was a family group that was pleasing to behold, and I was riveted to the spot.

After a while, however, my friend led me towards the party.—" I have brought a new acquaintance with me," he said, as he introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Grenville, their son, and daughter. The old man raised his head as we approached, then bent it courteously, and apologised for not rising to greet us, which his infirmities prevented. The lady extended her hand with cordial benevolence ; whilst the other members of the little circle welcomed me with kind smiles and words. There was no restraint, no forced or studied politeness in their manner, but an unaffected yet evident desire that the stranger should feel at ease.

" What book have you there ?" said my friend to the younger gentleman ; who was on the point of answering, when his father remarked, in rather a complaining tone, " It is not at all an amusing work, and Mortimer did not suit his voice to my ear this evening ; it is of no use reading in that way to me."

" My dear father," replied the son good-humouredly, " I would have read louder had I known that such was your wish ; but we will have a book more agreeable to your taste another day."

" Oh ! I am deaf, and old, and troublesome," returned the first speaker, " I know that ; it is fatiguing to read so that I can hear. —Well, never mind !" and a deep sigh followed this last exclamation.

The mother looked encouragingly at her dutiful son, whose countenance underwent a slight change, expressive of disappointment ; but it was momentary, and his sister remarked, " Nay, dear father, you well know that Mortimer loves to administer to your comfort, and so do I. Come, let me arrange your pillows better for you, and you will forget the book, and all about it." So saying, she kissed his forehead, and soothed him as one would a sickly child.

Notwithstanding there were a few outbursts of this nature from the aged invalid during our stay, the evening passed pleasantly, and I found the whole party intelligent and agreeable. I returned home delighted with my visit, and anxious to form a more intimate acquaintance with those whose manners and conversation had charmed me so much. Frequent opportunities were afforded me of having my wish gratified ; and the more I saw of the family, the more I admired the untiring affection and devotedness of the son and daughter to their parents.

It was not until some years afterwards that I heard their history ; when it was related to me by one who assured me that he had not exaggerated any of the circumstances, which I will now endeavour briefly to narrate.

Mr. Grenville was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of some value, but whose expenses were quite equal to his income. When he died, his elder son inherited the bulk of his father's property ; while the younger had but five hundred a year, with which to support a wife and two children in a manner suited to their station. Mrs. Grenville was a lovely and gentle being, whose virtues and talents amply compensated for her lack of worldly wealth. Her husband felt this, and for some years he enjoyed with her a life of ease and comfort, which excited the envy of some, and the admiration of most, of his richer neighbours. Mrs. Grenville devoted herself to her family ; she educated her children until Mortimer was of an age to require a tutor ; but her daughter's studies were commenced and completed under her mother's superintendence.

Young Grenville soon evinced a strong desire to enter the navy ; and as some of his parents' connexions had interest in the service, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of his father and mother to his choice of a profession. The adventures of the youthful sailor are not the object of this narrative : it will be sufficient to say that he gained universal esteem and respect for his high principles and bravery. As, however, the friend who had offered to promote his advancement was removed from this world shortly after Mortimer entered the navy, he found himself, at the end of the war, a lieutenant on half-pay ; whilst the period of his absence had been marked by great changes in his family prospects, which had been carefully concealed from him.

The fact was, Mr. Grenville had an unfortunate inclination for speculating in matters which he did not at all comprehend. His unambitious and gentle wife in vain endeavoured to persuade him to be content with what they already possessed ; he was not to be convinced by her arguments, but embarked almost the whole of his property in a concern which, after causing him much expense and anxiety, proved a complete failure, and involved him deeply in debt. This reverse of fortune was borne meekly and nobly by Mrs. Grenville ; no reproach by look or word did she suffer to escape her, but feeling that her husband must endure all the anguish of knowing that his own imprudence had caused their misfortunes, she endeavoured to convince him by her cheerful

submission to these adverse circumstances, that while she possessed her husband and children she considered herself richly blest. But the effect of these trials on the mind of Mr. Grenville was very different; his natural disposition was irritable, and disappointment was not easily submitted to by him. He could not believe that his wife's resignation was real, but imagined that in her heart she must condemn him; for he knew not how readily a woman finds excuses for the failings of one she loves, and how rarely she will admit, even to herself, that he is in fault. In addition, then, to Mrs. Grenville's pecuniary troubles, she had the pain of seeing her husband yield to an irritability and despondency which no affection on her part could assuage; and her own health was sinking fast under her sorrows, when news came that her son was on his way home. The mother's heart leaped for joy when she read the letter which brought the glad tidings, and as she pressed her daughter to her bosom, she softly prayed that her children might, by their dutious conduct, aid her in the work of restoring their father to peace and resignation.

Mr. Grenville received the announcement of his son's expected return with a bitter smile. "He will find his father's house strangely altered," said he, as he looked round at the small dwelling to which, since their misfortunes, they had removed.

"But he will find his parents' hearts unchanged, my beloved husband," returned his wife; "and, unless his own be transformed, their love will reconcile him to all other circumstances."

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Grenville; "a gay young officer, let me tell you, will soon be tired of his father and mother, when he finds them in a poor cottage."

Mrs. Grenville said no more, for she knew it was in vain to argue with her husband; but a silent prayer found its way to the throne of Grace, that the unsubdued heart might be softened.

The time seemed long until the hour arrived which brought the long-absent son to the arms of his beloved relatives; but at length he came, and a few moments served to convince even his doubting father that the same noble and endearing qualities which had characterised the childhood and youth of their son were, if possible, increased with his maturer years. "It is a mean home for you to come to, Mortimer," said his father, with more of sadness than of irritation in his tone.

"It is far more pleasing to me, with you all, than a palace without you," answered the young man; "and if you, my dear father, had been as I have, with only a tempestuous sky for a canopy, and a leaky boat for a parlour, and bedroom, and kitchen, and all," added he, laughing, "you would think as I do, that this is a very snug berth, and quite large enough for us who love each other."

Mrs. Grenville looked at him with maternal tenderness, and then at her husband, as though she would read the effect of so affectionate a speech on his afflicted spirit.

The morning after the return of the young officer, he and his sister strolled out together early; and the latter told him by degrees all that had taken place during his absence.

"My father is in debt, you tell me, dearest Rose," said Mortimer, "and that probably weighs on his spirits, and disturbs his temper. We will strive to relieve him of that burden."

"I see not the means, my beloved brother," returned the gentle girl.

"Leave all to me," replied he; "and by the blessing of Providence, I trust we shall soon see our dear parents happy, though not so rich as formerly."

From that moment the affectionate son devoted himself to the liquidation of his father's debts. He possessed a small sum of money in the funds, which he immediately sold out, and making

an arrangement with his agents for an advance, which he agreed to pay off at certain intervals, he succeeded in satisfying all his father's creditors.

On his return, it became requisite to decide on some plan of life which would enable four individuals to live respectably on a very slender income. The brother and sister consulted with each other, and as they knew it would be painful to their father's feelings, and perhaps in some degree to their mother's, to make those changes in their mode of living which were absolutely necessary, whilst surrounded by persons who had witnessed their former prosperity, they determined to propose a residence in France for a few years.

The family were soon accommodated with convenient apartments in one of the *faubourgs* of Paris. Mortimer exercised all his ingenuity and taste to render their domicile as agreeable as possible to his parents. He fitted up a small cabinet as a boudoir for his mother, and bought some plants for Rose, knowing how much she loved flowers; but, for the first time in the young officer's life, it was become necessary for him to study economy, in order to make his small resources go as far as possible. Never till this moment had he known the value of money; but now, in a foreign land, and having but a very limited income, he felt the importance of avoiding every expense that was not absolutely requisite. Mortimer's heart was sometimes heavy when he looked at the three dear beings who claimed his care; but his sanguine disposition enabled him to sustain the burden, and his sunny countenance cheered the little group whenever he came among them. Rose and he were still each other's friends and counsellors; and frequently after Mr. and Mrs. Grenville were retired to rest, they would sit together, and talk over matters, and form plans for adding to their slender means.

One day the faithful son returned from the busier quarters of Paris, his face lighted up within even more than its wonted happy expression, and calling his sister aside, he told her that he had made arrangements with some publishers to furnish them with certain articles periodically, for which he was to be remunerated. But it would be difficult to describe the various obstacles that occurred to interrupt the progress of his new employment. Mr. Grenville required his son's constant attendance in the day; and often when the night closed in, and the young man had spread his writing materials before him, willing to sacrifice his repose to his duty, he was summoned to aid his sister in endeavouring to allay the sufferings of their mother, who was frequently attacked by sudden indisposition. He persevered, however, and contenting himself generally with two or three hours' sleep, he contrived to fulfil his engagements, and add a little to his income.

Some years passed away, and, under every discouragement, the dutious son never relaxed in his exertions; but his feelings were at length put to a severe trial by the alarming illness of Mrs. Grenville. An English physician was sent for, who pronounced her case to be dangerous, and ordered perfect quiet and calmness to be maintained by all around her. Night after night did Mortimer, with his dear Rose, watch by the bedside of their beloved mother. Frequently his tender attention would be directed to his sister, and as the chill air which accompanies the early dawn sometimes caused her to tremble involuntarily, he would wrap a shawl carefully round her, and cheer her heart by one of his brightest smiles, as pointing to the glimmering light of day, peeping through the closed shutters of the sick chamber, he softly whispered a few words of encouragement and comfort. The beloved sufferer was raised from her bed of pain; but for a long time she continued weak, and appeared to be gradually wasting away. Her medical attendant declared that her native air was the only resource left her that was likely to save her life: and it now be-

came a subject of intense anxiety to her son to procure the means of accomplishing this desirable object.

At this critical period he received a letter from his agent in London, proposing to him a mission to a distant part of Europe, which would enable him to provide every comfort for those to whom he had resolved to devote his life. But how should he reconcile his weak and suffering mother to the separation? During her long and severe illness, she never could bear him out of her sight; and if he were absent for a few minutes, she would ask anxiously for her "faithful son." And his father—whom, notwithstanding his irritability and habitual dissatisfaction to all around him, he loved tenderly, and to whom he was become so essential a companion—what would he do when his son should no longer be near him? His sister, too—how would she feel his absence, and the loss of his comforting society? The appointment, however, presented so many advantages, that the admirable son determined to accept it.

He first confided his plans to Rose, knowing that, deeply as she would lament the necessity of the separation, she would never suffer feeling to trespass on the path of duty, but would assist him in striving to reconcile their parents to the trial. One afternoon, therefore, when Mr. Grenville seemed unusually interested in a book, and the invalid was enjoying a calm sleep, Mortimer conducted his sister to the little boudoir, and placing a chair for her near to his own, he drew from his pocket the letter from his agent.

"I want my dearest Rose to aid me with her counsel," he said, handing the letter to her.

She became pale as she perused the contents, and with a tremulous voice she asked her brother what he intended to do. His speaking eye fixed upon her with the most earnest tenderness was a sufficient answer, and, unable to control her emotion, Rose burst into tears.

"You must not unman me, my gentle sister," said he, his own voice trembling as he spoke. "Come, we are in the council-chamber, you know, and we must bend all our thoughts to the furtherance of the welfare of those we both love so much."

Mortimer knew that he had touched the right chord to restore his sister's self-possession; he knew that had he said as he felt, she was one of the principal inducements for his accepting this mission; that he did not like her being so long a resident in a foreign land; that he saw that her health required the air of her native hills;—I say, he knew that had he hinted at these inducements for his leaving them all, his sister's judgment would have been fettered, and her heart oppressed. But when he reverted to their mother's precarious state, and to the physician's opinion that a return to England was the only human means left of affording a hope of her recovery; when he pointed out the pleasure his father might yet enjoy by being restored to country occupations, of which he had been so long deprived; and when he dwelt upon the power he would possess of administering to their parents' comforts,—Rose could but assent to all he advanced in favour of the appointment that had been offered to him. After some conversation, then, in which each strove to console and strengthen the other, the brother and sister resolved to break the news that evening to those beloved relatives whose happiness it was the pleasing study of both to promote.

When Mr. Grenville first heard of the project, he was annoyed, and told his son that he supposed he was tired of being with his aged father; but that he "might go—he could do very well without him." When, however, Mortimer gently and respectfully remonstrated with him for these hasty words, and explained the motives which led him to contemplate so painful a separation, the old man was subdued, and dashing a tear from his eye, he said,

"Well, you are an excellent fellow, and all you do is right; but I wish you had never heard of this mission."

All was arranged, and soon the little party arrived in England; when it was cheering to Mortimer to perceive that his parents appeared to derive benefit from the change of air and scene. He engaged a small cottage for them in Devonshire, the very hermitage that is mentioned at the commencement of this humble story—but it was not then the elegant dwelling which filial affection afterwards rendered it; however, it was a snug retreat, and Mortimer employed the whole of the time he could command in arranging everything as comfortably as his powers would admit. Again, he was busy in planning all kinds of tasteful conveniences for his beloved mother; again, his father's wishes—nay, even his caprices—were studied and indulged as far as possible: nor was his sister—his gentle Rose, as he loved to call her—forgotten. Her favourite plants, her pet bird, her gold and silver fish, her books, her guitar—all his gifts—had been carefully brought from France, and, by her brother's hand, each was placed in its appropriate nook, in a pretty work-room destined for the mother and daughter, who were inseparable companions.

The family group sat, one fine evening, mournfully silent, at an open window. They were waiting for the coach that was to convey the beloved son and brother from the home he had rendered so attractive. The father's hands were clasped, and rested on his knees, while his eyes were raised to heaven, watching the placid moon as she poured forth her silvery light on every object around. The mother was intently gazing on her faithful son, as though she felt strengthened for the trial by the sight of his tender yet manly countenance. Poor Rose changed her position often, to conceal the tears which forced their way down her pale cheeks. Her brother whispered, "Be comforted, my gentle sister—I shall return—I shall, dearest; and remember the old song,

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack!"

At that moment the twanging horn was heard; the rolling of wheels followed; the young man hastily but fondly embraced the dear objects of his affection, and bidding them trust to the same Providence who had so long mercifully preserved them, he jumped into the coach, which was soon out of sight.

Arrived at his destination, he immediately devoted his mind to the fulfilment of his important duties, and often, after a day of incessant mental and physical exertion, he would sit up till a late hour, to write a comforting letter to his beloved ones at home. He was now able to gratify his generous disposition, by sending such remittances to his parents as would, he knew, place them perfectly at ease; and although he felt the separation from them deeply, yet he viewed it as a trial which he was called to bear without repining. From Rose he received all particulars that were interesting to him; and this correspondence formed the chief solace of both their lives during his absence, which lasted some years. But he did return at last. The hour, however, was different from that of his departure. It was now a sunny morning in the month of May; the birds were singing on every bough, and gladsome butterflies were taking their winged way in the pure air; the bees were humming in the cups of the fragrant flowers, which reared their beauteous forms in all the pride of spring; a gentle breeze stirred the cheerful green leaves of the grove; some lambs were skipping merrily in the meadow which skirted the lawn; the old women of the village sat at their cottage-doors, with expectant and smiling faces; children were scampering joyously across the road, or climbing the banks in search of the odoriferous wild violet; when, all at once, a sound was borne upon the breeze.

"It is the bugle!" said Rose, a flush of delight overspreading her countenance.

"It is!" replied her mother.

"I cannot hear it," said Mr. Grenville.

"But you can see the coach now, dearest father," exclaimed Rose; "look, there it comes!—there, by the church on the hill—there—there—and see there he is—there's Mortimer, our dear—"

But Rose did not conclude her sentence; for, turning to her mother, she saw that she was pale as death. Joy had nearly overpowered her weakened frame; but her daughter's voice and ready assistance soon restored her, and in a few minutes afterwards she was in the arms of her "faithful son."

Mr. Grenville wept, too, for joy. He gazed at the returned traveller with tenderness and delight; and poor Rose passed her arm through her brother's, and looked the happiness she could not express.

"Thou art looking well, my brave boy," said his father, "but somewhat older, methinks, than when we parted."

"Yes, I have gained some *venerable* symptoms," answered Mortimer, pointing to his temples, where some grey hairs were visible; "but," added he, laughing, "I think them very becoming."

"We are all older," observed Rose, smiling; "but since our years have brought us happiness, we will put up with grey hairs and wrinkles—will we not?"

"To be sure we will," replied her brother; and as he spoke, his quick eye surveyed the persons of his dear relatives with anxious interest, and he perceived that old Time had been exerting his power over them all; yet, though he had committed some ravages on their external appearance, their hearts were as green as ever, and as strongly linked to each other by the golden chain of affection.

It would be a pleasant task to relate the events of the succeeding days, or the tranquil events of ensuing years; but happiness, such as was enjoyed at the Hermitage, can scarcely be described—it must be felt. The dutiful son soothed the declining years and death-beds of his parents, and still continues to be the devoted friend and companion of his sister. Long may they be happy!

#### DISTURBERS OF PUBLIC MEETINGS—MARKS OF DISAPPROBATION.

THOUGH we love quietness and retirement, and do to a certain extent lead the life of a hermit, there are times and seasons when we love occasionally to sally forth into society, and mingle in its meetings and public assemblies. It is not our intention at present to offer any observations on the influence of our popular assemblies on the creation and direction of public opinion, but to indulge in a few cursory observations respecting a certain class of individuals who attend meetings, seemingly with no other end in view than to express their disapprobation of the sentiments of the speakers. The persons to whom we refer are generally, either from principle or interest, or both, quite hostile to the object of the meeting, the proceedings of which they go to disturb. Their minds are perfectly made up on the subject which is to be discussed; they believe, or at least profess to believe, that it is a measure which, if carried, cannot fail to plunge the country into irreparable ruin or revolution; and they represent the advocates and abettors of it as men utterly devoid of principle—as perfect demons in human shape, who should not be allowed to live on the earth. They therefore do not come to the meeting to gain information; they want no information whatever on the subject; and though the speakers were to speak with the tongues of angels, it

would have no effect whatever in altering their opinions. They come there not to hear, but to hiss, laugh, cough, or groan down the speakers. The principal qualifications which they require in order to the right performance of this feat is a little assurance and a strong pair of lungs.

From what we have said, some of our readers may suppose that we wish to ridicule and set at nought the privilege which every free-born Briton enjoys of expressing his disapprobation of any public speaker, by hissing, coughing, laughing, or groaning, or any other of the divers methods which are regarded as the signs and symbols of disapprobation. We most distinctly disclaim any such wicked intention. The right which every Englishman has to hiss, and hoot, and groan, though not recognised by any act of Parliament, is founded on the great principle of immemorial usage or prescriptive right, which we have the authority of Sir Robert Peel for asserting is "more powerful than either law or reason." We candidly confess that we have ourselves, on several occasions, experienced no small degree of consolation in hissing, or coughing, or positive laughing down political or polemical enemy. Such being the case, we would be the last to endeavour to throw ridicule upon such an ancient and useful privilege. There are hundreds, nay thousands of persons, who, however able and willing they are to give their opinions on public measures, are so utterly insignificant that they would not be allowed to open their lips in a public meeting. To such individuals the right of giving utterance to their feelings of disapprobation, by means of coughing, hissing, groaning, &c., is a most invaluable privilege; they go to a public meeting, swelling with indignation against some measure, and determined to blow out all their pent-up wrath upon the heads of the unhappy individuals who are to support it. By dint of hissing, and coughing, and much groaning, they contrive to give full vent to their indignation; and they return to their houses relieved and refreshed; they have the proud conviction that they have done their duty—that they have done the state some service, by extinguishing some political charlatan or fanatical babbler. Had they not had this method of giving vent to their feelings of hostility, they might probably, in the excess of their zeal, have poured out their wrath upon the unfortunate public speaker, by breaking his windows, or peradventure his head. Seeing, therefore, the great advantages which result to society from men having a right to express their disapprobation of the sentiments expressed by a public speaker, by hissing, coughing, hooting, and groaning, we shall most vehemently set our face against any attempt which may be made to cripple or curtail this most valuable right.

The individuals who go to public meetings in order to give vent to their disapprobation, generally go in bands; they know that "union is strength" in hissing and groaning, as in other things. Their work is often neither pleasant nor easy, and they stand much in need of each other's countenance and support. Besides, experience has taught them that when their numbers are scattered through a large room, they cannot produce so much effect on their opponents as when they are in two or three bodies, or when collected in one phalanx. In general, they divide themselves into two or three bands, and stand ready to open up a tremendous fire of hisses whenever a favourable opportunity offers. The hissing men are wise in their generation; unless they are pretty numerous, they never venture near the platform, or where the "gentlemen of the press" are seated. In general, they love to perch themselves on the back seats, or the recesses of windows, or to ensconce themselves in snug, comfortable corners. There they stand taking snuff and cracking jokes with each other; while some of them, more sapient than the rest, who are the recognised oracles

of the party, are talking in a low and earnest manner respecting the diabolical object of the meeting, and inflaming the minds of their hearers with the most unmeasured hostility towards all who speak in its support. Instead of at once commencing by an open expression of disapprobation, the more knowing and crafty ones have frequently recourse to indirect means. They know that there are several covert and convenient methods of annoying and disturbing a public speaker besides hissing and groaning. The way in which they proceed is generally in this wise:—After the chairman has explained the object of the meeting, and has resumed the chair, the mover of the first resolution “gets upon his legs,” and begins to speak to his motion. Scarcely has he uttered half-a-dozen sentences, when the individuals congregated in the back seats express great uneasiness that they cannot hear what the gentleman says. This they know in their hearts is an utter falsehood, but they comfort their consciences by reflecting that all tricks are justified in political warfare. “We can’t hear you—speak out—speak out!” The speaker hearing these words frequently vociferated, and thinking, in the simplicity of his heart, that the individuals are really anxious to hear his “eloquent and appropriate speech,” incontinently begins to raise his voice. The gentlemen in the back-seats seeing that their device has succeeded, continue exclaiming, with the utmost gravity of countenance, that they cannot hear a word the speaker says, and beseech him to speak out. The worthy man now strains every nerve to be heard, and speaks at the very top of his voice. The consequence is, that in a very short time he becomes as hoarse as a crow, and is obliged to bring his speech to an “untimely end.”

This indirect method of putting down a speaker will not do to be repeated a second time. When the mover of the second resolution gets up, they are prepared to bring the whole strength of their lungs to bear upon him; whenever he gives utterance to any obnoxious sentiment, they immediately pour forth a torrent of hisses. They are quite fresh and unfatigued, so that “the melody of their most sweet voices” comes with full volume upon the ears of the speaker and the audience. The orator, however, is not to be put down; he has wrought himself up into a high state of patriotic fervour; he knows that the eyes of the world are upon him—he is therefore determined to speak in the face of all opposition. Our friends in the corners and back-seats now commence in earnest; they “aggravate their voices,” and hiss with redoubled vehemence. This, of course, is met by cheers from the friends of the speaker; but the hissers have willing minds and strong lungs, and whenever anything is said by the orator which strongly expresses the sentiments of his party, his opponents are sure to pour forth upon him a complete hurricane of hisses, so that it is perfectly impossible to hear the conclusion of his sentences. Men, however zealous, cannot always hiss; their tongues become tired; besides, variety is pleasant, even in expressions of disapprobation. The more merry-minded of the oppositionists have therefore recourse to the more pleasant process of laughing down the speaker; while the more grave and sedate sort, the seniors of the party, who consider themselves above laughing, betake themselves to the more sedate method of coughing down their enemy. In every deep there is a deeper still; when they become tired of hissing, and laughing, and coughing, they can betake themselves to groaning. There are some men who have a natural talent for groaning; they are constitutional grumblers, and as groaning is a modification of grumbling, they delight beyond measure in any opportunity of giving vent to their groans. Some men, however, are groaners from compulsion or necessity; they take no pleasure in groaning; they may be withal very merry-minded men, but being dependent on others, from whom they have received, or from whom they expect,

some advantage, the unfortunate men are constrained, from a feeling of gratitude or hope of advantage, to become groaners; they groan from principle and interest, and not from any innate love which they have for groaning; in short, they do not groan upon the “voluntary principle.”

Some of our readers may probably be inclined to suppose, from what we have stated concerning marks of disapprobation, that it is a very easy thing to hiss, laugh, cough, or groan down a man; they may regard the exercise of these arts as a sort of pleasant recreation. If they do, they labour under a most grievous delusion;—a man, boiling with zeal and party-spirit, who sits down with the dogged intention of hissing, or coughing, or groaning down a public speaker, undertakes a task which is certainly no sinecure. We have ourselves some small experience in groaning. We remember, many years ago, of forming one of a party of young men who went to a public meeting with the avowed purpose of groaning down a certain public functionary, who had greatly displeased our “high mightinesses,” in having expressed opinions altogether opposed to our own; we therefore resolved to groan him down. Before going to the place of meeting, we met in secret conclave in an adjoining coffee-room, where we regaled ourselves with good cheer. While we were engaged in this pleasing occupation, we hinted to our leader who was somewhat our senior, that we were a novice in such matters, and did not altogether comprehend how we were to compass the matter of groaning. Our friend, seeing that we were somewhat green on the subject of groaning, and pitying our ignorance, forthwith began to groan most dolorously, in order to give us a practical lesson in the art; telling us at the same time to imitate him, which we did, according to the best of our ability. Our imitations seemed greatly to delight him, and in the enthusiasm of the moment he declared that we very nearly groaned as well as himself. Praise is pleasing to every human heart; we felt elated, and went to the meeting resolved to groan most grievously. We regarded the thing at first as an excellent exercise for the lungs—as a sort of rough recreation; but before the meeting broke up, we felt convinced that groaning was no joke. As we never before had had an opportunity of making a noise in the world, we resolved not to let the occasion slip; so we groaned almost incessantly for two hours. The consequence was, that next day we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. This was our first and last public appearance as groaners.

When hissing, and laughing, and coughing, and groaning have failed to put to silence a public speaker, his opponents are not therefore to give up the contest; they have recourse to the last and grand method of putting an extinguisher on an orator. This method of expressing disapprobation is sometimes resorted to by the members of St. Stephen’s Chapel; it has therefore the stamp of the “collective wisdom” to give it authority. Many of the hissers, laughers, &c. are gifted by nature with a marvellous aptitude for imitating the cries of divers sorts of animals—such as the lowing of cows, the grunting of pigs, the braying of asses, the crowing of cocks, &c. Individuals who are cunning in the art of imitating the cries of such animals are of incalculable importance in stopping the mouth of an orator. If he has been so obstinate as to continue to speak in the face of their hisses, laughter, coughing, and groaning, they must drown his voice by assailing him with the discordant cries of all sorts of wild and domestic animals. He must be gifted with no small powers of patience and endurance, if he is able to stand up against this semi-barbarous method of attack. This method may to many appear rough and unreasonable; but the truth is, there are so many men so inveterately fond of boring people to death with their arguments, and seem so much inclined to thrust their opinions down folks’ throats, whether they will or not, that there is absolutely no other alternative left but to smother their voices under a tornado of horrible sounds.

## EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

HARDLY was I well settled in my chambers in Furnival's Inn, when I received a card from Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, requesting the honour of my company at dinner on the Friday following. The printer having intimated in a neat Italian hand, at the bottom corner on the right, that the favour of an early answer was desired, I lost no time in acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Cookson that I would do myself the honour of accepting their invitation. This affair of honour being thus settled, I awaited in tolerable tranquillity the arrival of the day that was to usher me into Gower-street. It might be that my aunt Edwards had put it into my head—but certain it is, that on driving up to the place of invitation it struck me that Gower-street had an every-day look. The footman who opened the door was arrayed in drab, faced with green; and on my commencing the ascent of the staircase he offered to take a visitor's hat as he ascends the stairs. They may be right in the abstract; a "greasy old tatter" of felt may be no pretty appendage to a drawing-room; but I must be allowed to observe, that when a servant thus attempts prematurely to purloin one's hat, one sets the family down for every-day people. As my hat happened to be a new one, I determined to get the credit of it; so, rejecting the importunities of the domestic, I carried it up stairs in my hand. Old Mr. Cookson, on my entrance to the drawing-room, offered to shake hands with me; but I was much too polite to do that—I treated his overture with disdain, until I had advanced up to the fireplace to make a bow to Mrs. Cookson, who sat upon the sofa with a fat middle-aged woman in pink crêpe. Of the two daughters, Lucy and Amelia, the latter was employed in looking over her own scrap-book; and the former in folding up slips of paper, and giving them a spiral twist towards the base, without which, I presume, they could not fulfil their office of lighting wax tapers.

The knocker now began to do its duty. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkes were introduced, arm-in-arm. The attitude was new last year, but it is now becoming an every-day one. Mr. and Mrs. and the two Miss Oliphants came next. The girls shook hands with the Miss Cooksons in great apparent glee, and immediately ran with them into the adjoining drawing-room, to canvass matters unfit for the public ear. Mrs. Oliphant wore a red shawl, and Mr. Oliphant limped a little—I fear he is subject to the gout. We had likewise Sir John and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris; and a young man in blue, from Basingstoke. Mr. Charles Cookson, though at home, was the last person who entered the room; the consequence was, he had to shake hands with everybody in the lump—a ceremony which brought the colour into his cheeks. While standing at the window, the master of the mansion told me that he remembered when Baltimore-house stood in the fields, and that duels used to be fought behind the mansion now appropriated to the British Museum. He also recollects Bedford-house, with the two sphinxes at either end of the front wall; indeed, he ventured to predict that, upon the falling-in of the present leases, the Bedford property would be considerably improved. I, on the other hand, was not idle; I said that there was quite a new town in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park; that Gower-street would be more gay when it should become a thoroughfare; and that the present was a very backward spring. I believe, too, I said that, about a twelvemonth ago, nobody could have predicted that the three per cents. would have reached ninety-seven—but of this I am not certain. Turning round towards the company, I now encountered little Crosby Cookson (christened with a sirname after his maternal uncle), by no means an every-day child—quite the contrary, educated at home, and attended by the very first masters. I love to talk to home-educated children—they are the only wise people we have left. Our dialogue ran as follows:—

" Well, Crosby, are you a good boy? "

" Yes, very. "

" What do you learn? "

" Everything. "

" You must have a prodigious memory."

" Yes, I have."

" Who gave it to you? "

" Mr. Fine Eagle."

" Fine Eagle, indeed—the Bird of Paradise! "

" Mama says, as I shall be eight next August, it would be a great shame if I did not know every thing."

" Certainly; what else are the 'Rules for Memory' good for? Let me examine you. When did Cicero flourish? "

" In the great plague of 1666."

" Who married Queen Anne? "

" The Black Prince."

" Who strung Cleopatra's necklace? "

" The venerable Bede."

" Who gained the battle of Blenheim? "

" John Bunyan."

" Who was the first bishop of London? "

" Titus Oates."

" Who was the first inventor of gunpowder? "

" Bishop Blaise."

" What's Latin for a carpet? "

" Homo."

" There's a good boy!—so it is! "

The sound of "Dinner is ready!" here caused my catechism to halt.—SMITH.

## LAPLAND TRAVELLING.

AFTER proceeding along the river Alten, between sixteen and twenty miles, we left it to continue its course through ravines, and began the ascent of the mountains. The cold was intense, and the weather rather stormy; but fortunately the wind blew on our backs, and except when a sudden turn presented our sides to the blast, we escaped much inconvenience. A few seconds, however, in this situation was sufficient to cover our faces with a mask of congealed drift, and form icicles from our eyelashes. At one time the wind rose to a whirlwind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep in sight of one another. We stopped twice in the course of the day, but found no moss, and were obliged to proceed without feeding the deer. \* \* \*

After the short interval of daylight, the journey became very wearisome; as, besides the cattle being hungry and tired, a mist arose, which prevented us forming any idea of anything around us. \* \* \*

From a reverie of this kind we were roused by several voices which we heard around us, but we were some time in discovering whence they arose. At length we distinguished dim forms of reindeer, which extended on each side of us as far as the eye could pierce the haze; and we learned that they belonged to a train of two hundred sledges that were crossing the mountains, conveying merchandise from the coast to the interior. Caravans of this kind are continually traversing the country, which could not be supplied at any other season of the year, as the reindeer is of little use for carrying burdens. Each reindeer draws two hundred pounds after him, and a string of ten requires the care of only one man; they are each tied to the sledge that precedes them, and follow in Indian file. The usual way in which a reindeer evinces his fatigue now began to show itself. The leader who drew the Wapphus's kept continually running off the track, and as often the driver was obliged to jump out, and drag him by the rein into the right road. As the whole suite followed every step of the leader, on several occasions the tail of the train got entangled with its head, and more than once the reindeer that formed the centre were taken off their legs by a sudden jerk from those before and behind them, and dragged some fifty yards on their sides. One awkward deer, I remember, got the thong that held

him entangled round both one of his antlers and forefoot; and in this helpless state was carried along, half throttled, till he was released by the horn breaking off. At last, after an indefinite number of hours, we reached our halting-place.

Winding up a watch, or even taking it out of the pocket, was quite out of the question, as the hands became frost-bitten by exposure without gloves, even for a few minutes. Considering, however, that we had travelled seventy miles since morning, it could not be less than eleven or twelve o'clock when we heard the welcome news that we had finished our day's work. I was dozing at the time, keeping just sufficiently awake to balance the sledge, when we came to a stand-still, and the Wapphus released my deer. As the thong which I steered him by was twisted round my wrist, I was soon thoroughly awakened by his half-hauling me out of the *pulka*, inside of which I was laced by cross ropes. I naturally looked round to survey my resting-place for the night, but was some time before I discovered a sort of circular trench, within which the ground rose to an apex, perhaps three feet higher than the surrounding plain. By this time the Wapphus having disengaged my companion, offered to conduct us to the *gamma*, as it is called in Finmark. In the side of the trench, upon closer examination, there appeared a doorway, about four feet high, which led into a vestibule of corresponding grandeur. When I had crept into this place—for the accumulation of snow inside made it impossible to enter in a more dignified manner, I found a little door which opened into a room about twelve feet square. The roof sloped up to an opening in the middle, which served to let the smoke out. Four upright posts with cross-trees occupied the centre, where the fire was to be made, and the kettles to be hung.

\* \* \*

When the company had sat down round the blaze, the kettles were brought out, and frozen reindeer's meat chopped up, and partially thawed. A very substantial meal of meat and broth was soon prepared, and several long pulls at the brandy bottles took off the chill from the party. \* \* \*

Now that the cravings of hunger were appeased, and each had wedged in his body so as to have a sight of the fire, we became sensible of one inconvenience, which, however grave, had as yet been unnoticed. The fresh fuel collected in the neighbourhood caused a most awful smoke. Every part of the *gamma* was filled with it, and it was impossible to sit in comfort; for as standing up, it was out of the question, as there was immediate danger of being stifled. Once or twice I was obliged to rush out into the open air, but was soon driven back to the hut by the bitterness of the cold. Nothing, however, could inconvenience the natives, and gradually the labours of the day, aided by their potations, sent them to sleep. The group was curious, and I never saw a heap of human bodies jumbled together in such glorious confusion. As the area of the *gamma* unoccupied by the embers was far from sufficient for the number who required a place, many lay with others piled on their legs, and with their faces within a very few inches of the fire. \* \* \*

When I awoke, the fire was out, and the remains of last night's supper frozen hard in the kettles. My limbs were stiff with cold, and ached from the uncomfortable position in which I had passed the night.—*A Winter in Lapland and Iceland.*

#### EFFECTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING UPON HEALTH.

RAILROAD travelling possesses many peculiarities, as well as advantages over the common modes of conveyance. The velocity with which the train moves through the air is very refreshing, even in the hottest weather, where the run is for some miles. The vibratory, or rather oscillatory, motion communicated to the human

frame is very different to the swinging and jolting motions of the stage-coach, and is productive of more salutary effects. It equalises the circulation, promotes digestion, tranquillises the nerves (after the open country is gained), and often causes sound sleep during the succeeding night; the exercise of this kind of travelling being unaccompanied by that lassitude, aching, and fatigue, which, in weakly constitutions, prevents the nightly repose. The railroad bids fair to be a powerful remedial agent in many ailments to which the metropolitan and civic inhabitants are subject. The innumerable steam-boats plying on the river Thames are another comparatively recent means of securing health to the metropolitans. The benefit derived from a trip of thirty miles down the river on a fine summer-day is very great. The lively bustle of the river, the beautiful scenery on its banks, and the swift motion of the vessel through the water, all tend powerfully to alienate, for a time, the mind of the business-pressed citizen from his daily thoughts; and the refreshing breeze which is almost always on the river has a most healthful effect. By bringing men of different countries more into contact with one another, and by promoting the more complete interchange of opinion and community of feeling between the inhabitants of the same country, steam-conveyances contribute to the health in another though less direct way, but which, to the reader of this book, must be sufficiently obvious.—*Curtis on the Preservation of Health.*

#### THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

THERE is reason to believe that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable incidents which have happened to particular persons are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal description are probably much older than those from trades or professions; the senior having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilisation; for before that period every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c., and every man made his own clothes and shoes; but from the earliest times it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities or places of residence. For John, the son of John or William, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavyside, Messrs. Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinsides, Akinheads, Anguishes, and Headaces, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless sinners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the places where they were exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Churchyard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents; thus Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers' names—those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson and Goodyson were visibly descendants of Miss and of Goody; whereas Jeni-son, Nel-son, Bet-son, &c. were the descendants of dairy and milk-maids, or others in low stations. The like distinctions may be traced in illegitimate whose fathers were known. Masterson and Stewardson show the children of the master and steward; while Jackson, Thomson, and Wilson were the offspring of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad; and that of Perkin to one of a like description born in one of the cider counties.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names; many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones—such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden—i. e. an orchard; and the latter signifying in the same tongue (*Ickenbaum*) an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surname of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c., in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the addition of their offices, as John-Ostler! Betty-Chambermaid! Jenny-Cook! Will-Drawer! and Sam-Boots!

#### POWER AND INSOLENCE OF THE CLERGY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, Louis VII., King of France, while returning from some of his private domains to Paris, was benighted by the way. In these times the roads were unsafe in the night-time, as well from their bad condition, as by being infested with bands of thieves; it therefore behoved the king, and those who were with him, to stop somewhere to pass the night, according to the practice usually observed on such occasions. The nearest place of shelter happened to be the village of Creteil, only eight miles from the capital, which chanced to be a dependency of the chapter (or clergy) of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris; its inhabitants were vassals of these self-termed "humble servants" of God. The canons, being duly informed of the expense incurred by giving a night's entertainment and lodging to the king and his suite, were exceeding wroth thereat, and could not digest the supper thus eaten, as they said, "at their expense." Notwithstanding, the king went next day to the cathedral, as was his wont, to pay his devotions there, but could not enter therein, the doors being closed against him. Having asked the reason of this insulting measure, the canons from within answered, "Although thou art king, thou art not the less that man who, in violation of the prerogatives and sacred usages of the holy church, has had the audacity to sup at Creteil, not at thy own proper cost, but at that of the inhabitants of the village; that is the reason why divine service has been suspended in this edifice, and that its gates are closed against thee. All the canons have taken the resolution to renounce thy authority; and sooner than suffer the least infraction of their rights, they are ready to endure any kind of torture."

On hearing this explanation, the king, instead of causing to be read to these proud priests that gospel which enjoins charity and humility, was, as it were struck dumb; he could only sigh and groan, then burst into tears. It was in a voice but half articulate with sobbing that he made his piteous excuses to the clergy of Notre Dame. "What I did in this affair," said he, "was not by my will. The night came upon us unawares, ere it was possible for us to reach Paris; and the good people of Creteil, seeing the strait I was in, came forward to press upon us their hospitality. They were not forced by any one to do this, it was done of their own free will, and I had not the heart to refuse so kind and obliging an offer. Let Bishop Theobald come, let Dean Clement, all the chapter, and even the residential canon of the village; if they find me culpable, I shall make reparation. I am willing to abide by their decision on my guilt or innocence in this matter." This humble apology, although but sulkily received, led to a negotia-

tion. A lively discussion ensued among the members of the chapter. It was not without reason the king had named Theobald the Bishop first among the arbiters of his fate, as he pleaded warmly in his behalf, and pledged his personal responsibility to the angry brotherhood for the faithful execution of whatever atoning promises the king might make. All the while the debates lasted, the king remained on his knees on the bare stones outside the porch, saying his prayers and telling his beads. The bishop, in spite of his warm advocacy, could not overcome the insatiable cupidity of the canons; it is true they softened a little at the sight of two massy silver candlesticks which he put into their hands, there to be kept till the king should have paid all the expenses of his supper at Creteil.—*Translated from l'Histoire de Paris, par M. Touchard de Lafosse.*

#### SCOTTISH SONG.

Song followed the bride to the bridal chamber, and the corpse when folded in its winding-sheet,—the hag as she gratified her own malicious nature with an imaginary spell for her neighbour's harm, and her neighbour who sought to counteract it. Even the enemy of salvation solaced, according to a reverend authority, his conclave of witches with music and with verse. The soldier went to battle with songs and with shouts; the sailor, as he lifted his anchor for a foreign land, had his song also, and with song he welcomed again the reappearance of his native hills. Song seems to have been the regular accompaniment of labour: the mariner dipped his oar to its melody; the fisherman dropped his net into the water while chanting a rude lyric or rhyming invocation; the farmer sang while he consigned his grain to the ground; the maiden, when the corn fell as she moved her sickle; and the miller had also his welcoming song, when the meal gushed warm from the mill. In the south I am not sure that song is much the companion of labour; but in the north there is no trade, however toilsome, which has banished this charming associate. It is heard among the rich in the parlour, and among the menials in the hall; the shepherd sings on his hill, the maiden as she milks her ewes; the smith as he prepares his welding heat, the weaver as he moves his shuttle from side to side; and the mason, as he squares or sets the palace stone, sings to make labour feel lightsome, and the long day seem short. Even the West India slaves chant a prolonged and monotonous strain while they work for their task-masters; and I am told they have a deep sense of sweet music, and no inconsiderable skill in measuring out words to correspond with it.

The current of song has not always been poured forth in an unceasing and continued stream. Like the rivulets of the north, which gush out into rivers during the season of rain, and subside and dry up to a few reluctant drops in the parching heat of summer, it has had its seasons of overflow, and its periods of decrease. Yet there have been invisible spirits at work, scattering over the land a regular succession of lyrics, more or less impressed with the original character of the people, the productions of random inspiration, expressing the feelings and the story of some wounded heart, or laughing out in the fullest enjoyment of the follies of man and the pleasant vanities of woman. From them, and from poets to whose voice the country has listened in joy, and whose names are consecrated by the approbation of generations, many exquisite lyrics have been produced which find an echo in every heart, and are scattered wherever a British voice is heard, or a British foot imprinted. Wherever our sailors have borne our thunder, our soldiers our strength, and our merchants our enterprise, Scottish song has followed, and awakened a memory of the northern land amid the hot sands of Egypt and the frozen snows of Siberia. The lyric voice of Caledonia has penetrated from side to side of the Eastern regions of spice, and has gratified some of the simple hordes of roving Indians with a melody equaling or surpassing their own. Amid the boundless forests and mighty lakes and rivers of the western world, the songs which gladdened

the hills and vales of Scotland have been awakened again by a kindred people; and the hunter, as he dives into the wilderness, or sails down the Ohio, recalls his native hills in his retrospective strain. These are no idle suppositions which enthusiasm creates for national vanity to repeat. For the banks of the Ganges, the Ohio, and the Amazons, for the forests of America, the plains of India, and the mountains of Peru, or Mexico, for the remotest Isles of the sea, the savage shores of the north, and the classic coasts of Asia or Greece, I could tell the same story which the Englishman told, who heard, two hundred years ago, the song of Bothwell Bank sung in the land of Palestine.—*Allan Cunningham.*

#### THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

'TWAS when the harvest-moon came slowly up,  
Broad, red, and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;  
In the hush'd eve, when closed the flow'ret's cup,  
And the blue grape hung dewy on the vine,  
Forth from a porch where tendrill'd plants entwine,  
Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,  
Rich voices came, telling that there were met  
Beauty and youth, and mirth, whose buoyant wings,  
Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,  
Gave man release from care, or lured him to forget.

And as the moon rose higher in the sky,  
Casting a mimic day on all around,  
Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,  
That cast their chequer'd shadows on the ground;  
Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,  
Like fairy revelers, in one place were seen;  
And gentle friends were slowly pacing where  
The dark, thick laurel form'd a bowery screen;  
And merry children, like the moonlight fair,  
With their wild pealing laughter fill'd the perfumed air.

Another hour—and in a lighted room,  
Where glorious pictures lined the lofty hall,  
They sat in social ease—no brow of gloom,  
No sadden'd, downcast eye, that might recal  
Sorrowful musing, dimm'd the festival.  
It was in honour of a gallant youth  
Those friends were met—the friends he dearest loved—  
All wishing he were there—and well, in sooth,  
Might his gray father unto tears be moved,  
Listening to his grateful praise—his tears were unreproved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,  
Told his young sister of his travels wide,  
Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,  
And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride;  
Of desert isles where savage tribes abide,  
And glorious shores and regions of old fame:  
Then were his trophies from all lands display'd—  
Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous frame,  
High nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,  
And birds of curious note in glittering plumes array'd.

And in her youthful phrase, she told how he,  
Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,  
Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,  
And cast delight and interest round his home;  
Gaily she told, how sitting in that room,  
When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,  
He should himself his marvellous tales relate.  
—Alas! encircled by the Indian main,  
That night beneath a tamarind tree he sat,  
Heart-sick with thoughts of home and ponderings on his fate.

The heavy sea brok thundering on the shore,  
The dark, dark night had gather'd in the sky,  
And from the desert mountains came the roar  
Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry  
From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by.—

And there he lay, beneath the spreading tree,  
Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain  
Rush'd burning love, and sense of misery,  
And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain  
Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave  
Had wash'd away the white bones from the shore:—  
And, mourning for his son, down to the grave  
Had gone the old man, with his locks all hoar:—  
The household festival was held no more:—  
And when the harvest-moon came forth again,  
O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,  
Her light fell streaming through the window-pane  
Of that old room, where his young sister sat  
With her down-drooped head, and heart all desolate.

MARY HOWITT.

#### A MOORISH PRINCE IN SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dreary as is the condition of slavery, it sometimes affords opportunities for the exercise of the most exalted benevolence. Upwards of thirty years ago, a Moorish negro, of the Foulah nation, who had been kidnapped on the west coast of Africa, was carried to America, and sold as a slave. He had been a prince in his own country, and had received a superior education—being able to read and write the Arabic language with fluency and correctness. Disdaining the servile employment to which he was destined, he twice escaped from his master; and on being apprehended the second time in the woods, was lodged in the jail of Charleston as a good-for-nothing and incorrigible offender. Having heard something of his case and history, General Owen purchased him while yet in jail, from his master, who was glad to get rid of him on any terms; and taking him home with him to North Carolina, treated him kindly, had him taught English, and instructed in the Christian religion, allowing him in the mean time to live as he pleased. Umorro (for this was the Moorish negro's name) finally renounced the Koran, in the principles of which he had been well instructed, and embraced Christianity; and the Rev. Mr. Eels, the pastor of the Presbyterian church to which he belongs, informed me he had been one of the most pious and consistent Christians he had ever known. A few years ago one of the agents of the American Colonisation Society expressed his desire that Umorro should return to Africa, where he thought he might be useful in extending the knowledge of our holy religion among his own kindred, and in conciliating their friendship to the American missionaries. But Umorro could not be persuaded to emigrate; he preferred, even to the land of his birth, the land in which he had been born again, and resolved to live and die in America. On my return from Charleston, I preached in the Presbyterian church at Wilmington, and had Umorro for one of my most attentive hearers. On the Monday morning thereafter, he paid me a visit before the train started for the north, and brought me a copy of the twelve last verses of the Book of Revelation, which he had transcribed for me, as a memorial of our short acquaintance, from his Arabic Bible.—*Religion and Education in America.*

#### LACONICS.

"It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself," says Cowley: "it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him." Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.—*Addison.*

Music I the greatest good that mortals know,  
And all of heaven we have below.  
Music can noble hints impart,  
Engender fury, kindle love,  
With unsuspected eloquence can move,  
And manage all the man with secret art.—*Addison.*

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never: if wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.—*Goldsmith.*

THE VOLUMES OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL may be had as follows:—

VOLUME I., containing Nos. 1 to 26, price 5s. 6d. in cloth.

VOLUME II., containing Nos. 27 to 52, price 5s. 6d. in cloth.

VOLUME III., containing Nos. 53 to 78, price 5s. 6d. in cloth.

VOLUMES I. AND II. bound together, containing the Numbers for 1839, price 10s. 6d. in cloth.

BACK NUMBERS and PARTS, to complete Sets, may always be obtained.

London: Published by WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street, for the Editor and Proprietor, FRANCIS ROSS. Edinburgh: FRASER and Co. Dublin: CURRY and Co.—Printed and Stereotyped by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.